

*Life, Love, and Gaiety, in Story and Picture*

# Paris Nights



*“Memories  
of Montmartre”*

*“Paris Knights and  
Their Fair Ladies”*

*“Oui, Oui, Nanette”  
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# PARIS NIGHTS

VOLUME ONE, NUMBER THREE

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Also eight pages of photographic inserts, a wealth of illustrations, etc.

Suitable short stories with Parisian backgrounds, from 1000 to 3000 words in length; clever verse, jokes and prose fillers are wanted, and where stamped and addressed return envelope is enclosed, every effort will be made to render a prompt decision. Payment is made on acceptance.

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RA-14



RA-15



Drawn for PARIS NIGHTS by Wm. Hirsch

## *Kissing*

By HENRI CORSAIR

*Minx, indeed, we're gazing at you  
Showering kisses on a statue.  
"Ah, mon dieu," he thinks, "by thunder,  
Why am I an armless wonder?"*

# Paris Nights

VOL. I

JUNE, 1925

No. 3

## *Parisian Paragraphs*

LOVE may not make the world go round, but it makes a lot of people dizzy.

\* \* \*

Woman is the weaker vessel, but man gets broke oftener.

\* \* \*

Most women look ahead into the sweet buy-and-buy.

\* \* \*

A porch light may be very dim and yet have an enormous scandal power.

\* \* \*

Silk stockings are one commodity in which practically all business men are interested!

\* \* \*

Some flappers chew gum and some are Wrigley all over!

\* \* \*

A pretty gown can become a woman without the aid of a magician.

\* \* \*

Every year is leap year for pedestrians.

\* \* \*

A man wants all he can get. A woman wants all she can't get.

\* \* \*

Port listed in the Wine List oft makes the wine list to port.

\* \* \*

Beware of dark women. Likewise beware of light women. To be perfectly safe, beware of all women.

\* \* \*

The shorter the wife's skirt the sooner the home will be wrecked!

\* \* \*

Love may be blind, but the people across the street usually aren't.

\* \* \*

A woman's "no" often means "yes." And her "yes" often means trouble.

\* \* \*

To keep friends treat them kindly—and frequently.

\* \* \*

Queens come easy to those who have the Jack!

\* \* \*

A sheik in the parlor is worth a dozen on the desert!

# Paris Knights and Their

*This Spritely Little Confession Presents—Along With a Tale of Squabble—A True Picture of the Parisian Boulevardier, Revealing Nature, His Love of the Chase and of Feminine Conquest, to Say Interesting Methods He Employed When in Search of a New*

By TROTTEUR

THE SUN WAS streaming into my room. Quickly I leaped out of bed and ran to the window. Ciel—how glorious a day! The sky was blue with little cotton batting clouds floating about in it, and the air that came in through the window was balmy. . . . And it was a holiday! What an occasion for a picnic au bois. . . .

Suddenly I remembered and at once happiness ceased. A perfect day—for others—perhaps. But not for me. For was I not condemned to solitude, by that cruel and heartless Adele? Three days now had our quarrel lasted, and not yet had she written, telephoned or

come in person to implore my forgiveness. It was inconceivable that I make the first move—when she was so decidedly in the wrong. Ah, ça non! Rather than that—I would spend my jour de fête in sadness.

But all the same I felt that it was too bad to be condemned to loneliness just because of the eccentricities of a stupid little blonde. Yes—stupid. Otherwise she would have agreed with me in the beginning, and there would have been no quarrel.

As I dressed I reflected on the unkindness of ma petite amie. Could this be part of her plan, to oblige me to spend the summer day by myself? Was it to make me suffer more that she deferred her plea for pardon? Did she imagine, then, that I was so tied to the strings of her pretty tablier that I could not and would not find another playmate with whom to make merry? Just because we had been friends for two weeks—or was it three?

I determined suddenly that I would not spend the so beautiful day alone. Fichtre, non. There were plenty of pretty girls in Paris besides Adele. I might choose one among my acquaintances—or—I might choose one among strangers. I decided that this would be better sport and more bitter punishment for Adele.

I am no novice in the art of the chasse aux boulevards. I have upon occasion tried all the various methods. And of these pursuits pleases me most, for it is the most subtle—the most illusive and—the most intriguing. . . .

By this time I was dressed and ready



*Suddenly a debonair pair of Ankles caught my gaze.*

# Fair Ladies

*an Amazing Love  
His Gay, Emotional  
Nothing of the In-  
Companion.*

for conquest. Rapidly I descended to the street and walked along until I reached the boulevard Raspail. Love was in the air, and adventure and conquest! Suddenly a debonair pair of ankles caught my gaze — caught and held it. I hastened—but not too quickly. My object was to put between myself and that pair of ankles—a little space, not *too* little and not—too much. Matters of this sort require finesse.

There was no doubt that the delightful ankles were aware of my pursuit, for they took on a sort of mincing air which I found wholly distracting. So distracting, indeed, that I scarcely noticed whither they led me, until, suddenly, I discovered that we were in the entrance of the Parc Monceau, that Mecca of babies, nursemaids and police sergeants off duty.

I have no feelings for or against the Parc Monceau, but merely a sort of mild wonder that there should exist so many babies, nursemaids and police sergeants—off duty. However, I followed my ankles into the parc, without premonition of ill, but nevertheless with slight wonderment. What could be their business there?



*There was  
no doubt that  
the delight-  
ful ankles were aware  
of my pursuit.*

I decided that their owner must be traversing the parc in order to reach the other side. Some people, more hardy than others, do that. Myself, I prefer to circumnavigate it, for I find the cries of many children, the impact of many rubber balls, the sight of many red faced nursemaids and the threatening airs of many sergeants de police—even when off duty—not a little enervating. Mais passions. My ankles had gone in, and I could but follow.

And then. . . Ah, even now I shudder to think of it. From some ambush emerged a horde of wild Indians, which flung itself at the ankles, shrieking with strange and meaningless cries. . . I hurried forward to champion my lady, and extricate her from

the unexpected onslaught, when to my amazement I saw that she was folding all these little barbarians into an enthusiastic embrace.

"Tiens," she said suddenly, while I was still gaping like a fish out of a bowl, "where is Petite Soeur, et Charlotte?"

"Les voici," cried the chorus, and pointing to a beribboned nursemaid who appeared at that moment. She was wheeling a perambulator, and within it reposed a pair of twins!

I opened my mouth, I closed it, I fled. And behind me I heard the voices of all those children—I do not know how many, demanding in no uncertain tones that *maman* play ball; mais non, that *maman* play hide and seek; that *maman* play. . . .

**SHAKEN** I returned to the Boulevard Raspail. How I had been misled! But the sight of many pretty girls flitting hither and yon restored me somewhat. While there was time

there was hope—and it was as yet not even noon.

Suddenly a dazzling vision, in white from hat to heel, darted out from the door of a shop and proceeded to precede me. Automatically I proceeded to follow. Life was interesting once more. The little white clad figure was tiny, slim and daintily pert. I had not managed to catch a glimpse of her face, but there was an allure about her which convinced me that it was more than pretty.

No mother of twins was this! A certain *je ne sais quoi* emanated from about her which encouraged me to boldness. I would not follow for street after street only to meet disillusion in the end. Indeed I would not follow for street after street for any purpose whatsoever. Some great man has said there is no time like the present, and I constituted myself his disciple, then and there.

"Pardon Mademoiselle," I began approaching bravely, "have you forgotten. . . ."

I got no farther. A pair of blue eyes transfixed me suddenly with their mocking glance and I stood on that spot as though rooted to it.

The little beauty—for she *was* a little beauty—was none other than Mercedes. Petite amie of Ferdinand de Castro. And Ferdinand—was my very best friend. Oh, relentless deities! Why could it not instead have been his young and charming wife? Or his sister? Or his cousin? Or his aunt? Or anyone save his—petite amie.

For the honor among boulevardiers decrees that a petite amie is sacred to the grand ami of whom she is the petite amie at the moment. Do I make myself clear?

I prayed that I might awaken and discover that this was merely a nightmare, I prayed that Mercedes might suffer a lapse of memory and not recall my features, I prayed that Ferdinand might be anywhere save in Paris Boulevard Raspail, on this summer morning.



*Had she agreed with me in the beginning, there would have been no quarrel—no lamentations.*



And all my prayers remained unanswered. I was and remained awake, Mercedes recognized me with an immediacy which would have been flattering under other circumstances, and Ferdinand chose this very moment of all those in a long and leisurely existence, to approach us.

"Tiens," I exclaimed, with an effort of nonchalance, "I was just . . ."

"Au oui," said Mercedes thoughtfully, "he was just . . ."

"Oho c'est ains," glowered my friend Ferdinand. "You were just . . ."

"Mais non, mon cher," I cried. "Not in the least. You do not comprehend."

"But of a certainty I comprehend," he said coldly. "I comprehend perfectly." And the glare in his eye proved that he comprehended perfectly. And since he did, obviously, comprehend perfectly, and since perfect comprehension was by me totally undesired at that moment, I made a quick volte face, and vanished down a side street.

You think I ran away? Eh bien . . . what if I did. Discretion is the better part of indiscretion, and besides—I was growing hungry. And I am a sensitive fellow, and Ferdinand is my best friend. A quarrel with him at that moment would have been certain to deprive me of my appetite for dejeuner.

**I** WILL touch briefly the following adventures, of which there were two, both equally unfortunate.

The first occurred at luncheon. The lady in question was charming, beautiful and—willing. I watched her for a little and then dispatched my waiter to her table with a carefully worded note. Helas! Before she had time to unfold the paper a stout, bald and elderly gentleman arrived and took his place at her table. He was not her father and he was nobody's lover so he must have been her husband. Poor lady. I could see the regret in her eyes, but she was impotent as I. To my relief she tore the note into tiny bits. It was evident that she was a person of experience.

After that I will confess that I lost some of my eagerness. It was but in a half hearted way that I followed my next victim—of whom I soon proved to be the victim, for she turned out to be a dark, unbeautiful gypsy, with gleaming teeth, a flat nose and an avidly outstretched palm.

I had addressed her—she now addressed me.

"S'vous plait 'sieur," she droned, "donnez. . ."

Misfortune is like a path down a hillside which with each descending step grows steeper. Evening had come, and with it rain. The day was gone, the sun was gone, hope was gone.

As for making any further efforts toward securing a companion—aça non. I had enough of that for one day. I decided to buy some cold meat, some camambert cheese, some bread, some chocolate, and betake me to my lonely little apartment. There in solitude I would meditate upon the vicissitudes of life, and the cruelty of pretty women.



*The little beauty—for she was a little beauty—was none other than Mercedes.*

WHEN I had everything I proceeded to the house in which is my apartment, and climbed the four steep flights of stairs that separate me from the rez de chaussee. I had, under my arms, many bundles of varying sizes and dimensions. Only one thing did all these parcels seem to have in command that was a propensity of slip. They fell to the ground several times before I had completed my ascent, and I gave silent but fervent thanks that no eggs were within the bags. A cheese might forfeit its contour—and still remain a cheese!

And then, just as I was rounding the very last curve of the last flight, my toe caught in the stair carpet which was, as ever, loose, and boum, bam, paf . . . down went all the packages, helter skelter. I stood up, surveyed the cheese and cursed loudly and bitterly.

"Sacred name of a camel," I cried, "has that imbecile of a concierge no regard for the life of a tenant, not to mention his dinner?"

Having thus relieved my feelings I stopped to gather in the packages when a peculiar sound caused me to draw myself up, and look suspiciously about. I had heard a laugh. A feminine laugh. And what was more—I recognized it.

So I was not too much surprised to see Adele's naughty blue eyes peeping at me from over the banister—not surprised but very, very angry. It is one thing to quarrel with your best beloved—it is another to laugh at him.

"What do you there?" I asked bitterly, disregarding the bundles at my feet.

"I laugh," she replied saucily. "Also I wait for you. It is supper time, and I am hungry."

Quel audace! I did not deign to reply but gathered up the parcels and proceeded into my apartment. That Adele was already there did not deter me. I had not asked her to come, I would not ask her to remain. She was in the wrong—and moreover she had laughed at me. . . . Because of her I had spent a solitary day wandering

the streets—in pursuit of—well, I had spent a solitary day. And now, when I wished to enter my home, and enjoy my humble repast, she laughed. All right, then, let her laugh, let her. . . .

"Voici le cafe," she came into the room suddenly with a small tray in her hands. On it were two cups, and from the cups emanated two clouds of steam—and oh, so heavenly a smell. . . .

"And now undo those packages, espece de bebe," she commanded. "And let me see what you have bought. I am of an impatience to eat. . . ."

"But—you—I . . ." I stared at the wanton creature, but she was busy with forks, knives, and cheese, and did not appear to heed me. . . .

"Eh," I cried after a moment, "give me some also. J'ai faim aussi, moi."

We had supper. It was good, and there was plenty, and I did not have to eat it alone, and Adele cleared away the crumbs. A sense of well being pervaded me. After it was all over, Adele slipped into my lap.

"You love me, Choucroute?" she asked shyly.

I knew she was in the wrong, but. . . .

"Of course, bebe," I answered.

"And you are true to me," she persisted, "and faithful? You do not have le flirt with other girls, bein'?"

"No," I said, oh how truthfully, "I do not."

"And you are sorry, p'tit cochon, aren't you. . . ."

"Sorry?" I echoed.

"Pour sure, that you were so nasty and quarreled with me. . . . You do not deserve that I should forgive you but if you will admit you were in the wrong. . . ."

In the wrong! I! Indignantly I started to protest, but forbore. Supper was over; I was weary—Adele was on my knees, her blond head against my shoulder, her blue eyes in mine. Right or wrong . . . apres tout, what matter. And besides—the reason for that quarrel. . . . I could not recall just what it was. . . .



**T**HE Arabian Nights Number from "Betty Lee" (pictured above) is probably more Parisian than Arabian, but it is none the less attractive on that account.

**F**LORENTINE GOSNOVA (pictured in the oval) captivates countless hearts with her dancing in Leon Errol's Ziegfeld production of "Louie 14th."

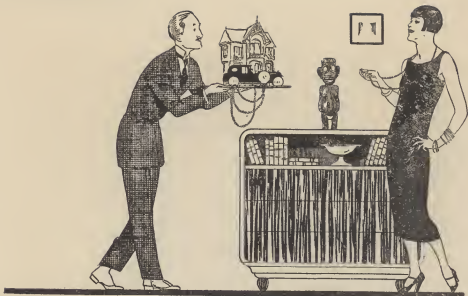




Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

## *Gilda Gray*

*in one of her most engaging camera studies. Miss Gray, who is numbered among the highest salaried dancers in the theatrical world is especially noted for her Hawaiian portrayals. Her popularity in this direction is so great that PARIS NIGHTS has arranged to reproduce a series of similar pictures from the lens of the famous photographer, H. Armstrong Roberts.*



*Women generally find the Siege Direct very tiresome. The Siege Oblique on the other hand, succeeds because when a woman is not courted, she courts.*

## The Siege Oblique

*"She is Thinking of Me Tonight. She is Almost Mine!" An so Proceeded André's Siege of the Girl He Met in the Rain. A Splendid Love Story of Montreal's French Quarter.*

By H. M. HAMILTON

HE SAW her going down St. Antoine Street one day in the rain, and followed her because she had a hole in her stocking. Pretty girls in a state of obvious disrepair are often approachable.

After walking behind her for some distance he maneuvered himself in front and lifted his hat. "'Ello, Mees!" he said smiling.

"Hell-O Frenchy!" she retorted, and slapped him on the pink cheek, making a livid welt. Then she went on her way undisturbed.

With most men this would have ended the incident, but to André Chambord it was only a beginning. No woman had ever slapped him before, and his pride was piqued. He was a Beau

Brummel with languishing black eyes and a killing smile, and he could not understand how any one could resist him. His home was to the eastward of St. Lawrence Boulevard, which is Montreal's English Channel—the dividing line between two great races. Among the French girls he was a prince, awarding smiles regally; now, having crossed the barrier, he found himself flouted. It was unbelievable.

"She have not see me to advantage," he reflected, in the English he was very proud of. "Ozzerwise——"

A week later he happened to see her in Cottrell's, eating deviled crab. "Ah!" he cried, twirling his mustache, and strolling over to her table.

"Beat it, or I'll call the manager,"



He saw her going down  
St. Antoine Street in  
the rain.

she said without looking up. He saw at once that she meant it, so he went into a corner to brood, and forgot to drink his beer.

Later his great-uncle Pollain drifted in—a florid old turkey-cock with a rosette in his lapel—and André confided his perplexity to him. “No ozzer girl treat me so!” he

snuffled, wiping his eyes with a scented purple handkerchief.

“Ah, *mon cher!*” said the elder man, “you not understand ze ladies like your old onkle!” Then he slid into his familiar French, and said, laying his hand on André’s sleeve: “With women, it is necessary to be always indirect: always subtle. Use their own weapon against them, my boy; never let them—for one tiny moment—be sure what you are going to do next. Keep them guessing! out-think them! I have had experience; *croyez-moi!*”

Then in return for his advice, he allowed André to pay for the *consummation*.

IT TOOK André only a short time to map out his campaign. It was easy to learn where she worked, when she came and went—easy and needful, since he intended to see her every day.

But, when he saw her, he made no

effort to speak to her. He seemed not to see her at all, but at her approach he infallibly crossed the street so as not to meet her face to face. To be deliberately avoided, he reasoned, always stirs up curiosity.

The first time he did this, he thought she looked relieved; the second time she seemed puzzled; the third, he could have sworn she was disappointed. “She is noticing me!” he reflected. So he formed the habit of standing at a particular corner every day at the hour of her passing—but not looking at her. One day he stood across the street, and saw her look around almost anxiously as she passed the corner. “She is missing me!” he said to himself.

Next he blossomed out in the most glorious raiment his circumstances permitted, and for several successive evenings looked coldly, glacially at her rather shabby attire. The fourth evening he saw that she had dressed herself in a chic hat of her own designing, and neat tailored clothes which suited her slim figure to perfection. As he passed her, she glanced up quickly, as if to read approval in his eyes.

“Aha!” he said with delight. “She is dressing for me!”

“Tomorrow—I shall speak to her!” he told great-uncle Pollain. “Ah!” and he threw airy kisses at an imaginary damsel.

“Not yet—*Diab!e!* would you ruin it all?” said the old beau. “It is she who must make all the advances—do you not see, my boy?”

“But,” said the puzzled Andre, “she notices me now. While she thinks so well of me is the time to profit by it!”

“*Ecoutez, mon fils,*” responded great-uncle Pollain. “There are but the two forms of wooing: the Siege Direct and the Siege Oblique. As to the Siege Direct, it may be slow, or it may be vehement, according to temperament, but in either case it consists in doing the obvious thing. Candies, jewels, extreme servility and constant address are its weapons, and it is used by men who have no sense of humor. Sometimes it

succeeds, for some hearts fall at a touch, like ripe fruit. But generally women find the Siege Direct very tiresome. The Siege Oblique, on the other hand, succeeds because when a woman is not courted, she courts. Enlist her attention, then her vanity, her sympathies finally, and she is your slave. And then—when you tire of her, it is easy to get rid of her. You have only to remind her that she made all the overtures: she weeps—you smile: *c'est fini!*"

Great-uncle Pollain smiled and adjusted his eye-glass, adding in English: "Now, by gar, for so much good advice you buy me a dinner, eh, André."

ANDRÉ saw the point. If he had spoken to her again she would have gloried in flouting him. But if he could pique her curiosity—that is to say, her intelligence—since women are above all creatures of never-sated intelligence—perhaps he could make her speak to him.

"If I speak to her, I am like all other men," he reasoned. "But if I am not like other men—if I make of it a game of hide-and-seek—"

So, every day for a week thereafter he stood on the curb in front of the Hotel Windsor as she passed, a red flower in his button-hole, and his eyes fixed on the dome of the cathedral.

Then for nine days she did not see him at all. On the tenth he was there, but haggard and unshaven, and had no flower in his lapel. Instead, he wore a band of crepe on his arm: another trick suggested by his great-uncle Pollain.

From the corner of his eye, he could see her stop, look appealingly at him—then finally, as if moved by an overwhelming impulse, she stepped up and touched his arm. "Did you lose some one?" she asked softly.

For a moment he looked at her sadly, then shook his head. "No," he said, and resumed his contemplation of the cathedral.

"She is thinking of me tonight!" he said to himself. "She is almost mine!"

In his heart, where there were memories of countless conquests, he tried to feel jubilant at the thought of her warm brown eyes, which for the first time had turned toward his in sympathy. But something strange stirred there instead; as surprising, as disquieting, as if his cane should suddenly bud and blossom in his hand.

"*Nom d'un nom!*" he said violently. "What is it but a girl! and what is a girl more or less! I swear it: I shall win her!"

Next day, when she saw him, she smiled deliberately. He lifted his hat coldly, and passed on. She looked back angrily, and at the same time reproachfully; he turned and looked after her, after a while, and saw that she walked slowly, as if she were very forlorn.

"She loves me!" came into his heart; he puffed up a little with pride, and twirled his mustache mechanically, but he was pensive. "Why?" crept into his mind, but he silenced it by striking an



GREAT-UNCLE POLLAIN,  
who instructed André in the wiles of the  
Siege Oblique.

attitude. Was he not adored east of the Boulevard St. Lawrence? Then why not west as well?

The next afternoon it was raining. "It is the day!" he said to himself. On St. Antoine Street he saw her, and stepped in front of her, lifting his hat. "Ello, Mees!" he said, gravely.

"Hello, Frenchy!" she responded softly, with a little catch in her voice. She took his arm, and together they walked along the mean, ill-paved street in the rain.

"You—you don't think me like all the others?" she asked hesitatingly, looking up at him with deep brown eyes that searched his soul. "It isn't wrong to speak to you, is it?"

Then the miracle happened; for in the warm glow of those eyes he felt the mean, treacherous, false vanities and desires which had filled his heart melt away as would snow under the summer sun. There remained only a humble tenderness which had grown unperceived, perhaps, during all the weeks of his siege of her heart, until now he

longed only for some great sacrifice, no matter if it were life itself—to show her the depth of his *love*.

"Am I like the others?" she asked again—"those others you know?"

For a moment they flitted before his eyes—a dancing, beckoning throng—then he put their memory away forever. He bent down to kiss her hand reverently, and to answer her in his careful English:

"My dear—no more, ever, will there be any one but you; never any one but you!"

"BUT I neglected to mention," laughed great-uncle Pollain when André told him, "that this Siege Oblique makes prisoners alike of besieged and besiegers. It was time for you to settle down, *mon vieux!*" He put his eye-glass to his eye, and strutted like a turkey-gobbler. Then, in the English which was his pride, he added: "By gar, you buy me a good dinner, *hein?* It is little enough, after all I do for you, eh, André?"



## Travel

By THOMAS MURRAY

They spoke of travel, in the cabaret,  
He told of lands on which she ought to gaze,  
How Northern Lights intrigued with wild display,  
And sun that does not set for days and days.

Her thoughts were centered on the fevered flow  
Around her, so she answered, "Really, dear,  
Who go to Norway for the scenic show—  
The midnight sons are here."





*Vi brought out his slippers for him*

## The Little Schemer

*Vivian Roger was of the Type That Once Having Set Her Mind on Something, She Gave no One Peace Until That Something Was Hers.  
In This Case It is a Three-Thousand-Franc Coat*

By GEORGE S. BROOKS

**V**IVIAN ROGER—M a d a m e Vivian Roger, although she did not insist on the "Madame"—looked at the coat through the front window of La Vogue Shop. It was *such* a nice coat; only 3,000 francs the ticket read. There was a not-particularly-attractive droop to her carmine lips as she turned to her escort.

"I want it," she said.

"Well, Vi," replied fat Julius Eberbach, "if it wasn't for your husband, that would be so easy. But you know there'd be a lot of explaining to do if you wore it home. A pretty woman who wears a three thousand franc coat

when her husband makes two hundred francs a week. . . ." With an expressive shrug, Julius turned away.

"But I want it," Vi insisted.

"Of course you want it," Julius Eberbach agreed. "You wanted also that evening frock I bought you. And Georges—he almost caught us. Is it not so? That is one way for me to get my picture in the paper. And get your picture in the paper, too. Shot by a wronged husband. So. No, Vi. I have such good fun that I want to live a while yet."

"I want it," Vi pouted.

"Well, if you can think of a way so

that Georges will not know, I'll buy you that coat. Pretty women need pretty clothes. It is because I know what pretty clothes are that Guggenheims pay me fifteen thousand francs a month to make their designs. I would like to see you in that coat." Julius Eberbach, master designer, fifty, fat and good-natured, waddled up the street with (Madame) Vi Roger hanging to his arm.

The man and woman were headed for the theater, a habit of theirs when Georges Roger, Vi's husband, was not in the city. Georges was an insurance adjuster and was out of town with convenient regularity. Vi frequently told Julius Eberbach that Georges' absence was the only endurable feature of her married existence.

"I know," Vi stopped suddenly in the middle of a cross walk and gripped Eberbach's arm. "I know." She was almost dancing with delight. "You buy that coat and pawn it. For about fifteen dollars. And give me the ticket."

"Well, and what then?" queried Eberbach in wonder at Vi's rapid-fire mental processes.

"I'll tell Georges that I found the ticket and I'll send him down to see what

it is. When he sees the coat, he'll be glad enough to spend fifteen dollars for it."

"Ha, ha, ha," the designer's paunch shook with genuine delight. "It's a lucky thing for us men that women like you don't get into business. If you wanted money like you want clothes you would be a Rockefeller in no time."

"Will you buy it?" demanded Vi, breathlessly.

"Of a certainty, I'll buy it. It is worth the money just to see you fool your husband with such a clever idea."

"You'll buy it tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow, when I walk out for lunch." Eberbach's paunch shook again. "When a woman wants clothes, there is nothing for a man to do but buy them. Well, you shall have the pawn ticket by tomorrow evening. And when Georges comes home on Saturday, you shall have the coat. Next week, when we go to the opera, you will wear the coat. My, you will look fine!"

"Tubby," said Vi, "you're a dear." And regardless of the theatre-bound crowd, she kissed him.

"If it wasn't for your collection of hins," Vi remarked as they were ushered to their box, "I'd like you a lot."

"Well, some people can't afford double chins."

"Double," scoffed Vi. "You have a quartette."



*JULIUS EBERBACH, the Good Spender*

**G**EORGES ROGER and Vi had been married two years. For fifteen months of that time, Vi had been "all caught up" with life on two hundred francs a week. For fourteen of the fifteen months, she had taken the fat designer as an antidote.

Julius Eberbach was a practical man of the world. He recognized that his ability to "pick 'em young" had been seriously handicapped by the growth of his second and third chins; therefore he resignedly permitted his romances to become slightly "commercialized." As head designer for one of the largest concerns of its kind in Paris, he was able to pay the market price, or a little more.

Georges Roger, on the other hand,

went out of the city on his business trips with a generous expense account. He ate one-franc lunches, sat up all night in day coaches to save wagons-lit fares and scientifically padded his expense vouchers. Georges did not do it to become rich and famous; he did it because Vi absorbed the two hundred francs of salary with grumbling regularity.

Saturday noon, Georges came home. He passed over his pay with the resignation of a habitual martyr. Instead of the usual fault-finding he was treated to a kiss and Vi brought out his slippers for him and helped him on with them herself. Naturally, Georges was suspicious.

"Are you sick?" he demanded.

"Oh," said Vi breathlessly, "see what I found."

Georges carefully inspected the pawn ticket. "It's a pawn ticket," he announced.

"I didn't think it was a ticket to Berlin," Vi retorted.

Georges glanced up at her exasperated, and normal, tone. "I guess you're all right," he observed.

"What do you suppose it is?" Vi asked.

"Nothing much. It's only pawned for seventy-five francs."

"Will you go down and see what it is?"

"What's the use?"

"Will you, please?"

"No, I won't." Georges' tone was final. "If it was something good, I couldn't buy it. The rent's due next week and you haven't saved a centime."

"Have, too."

"How much?"

Vi considered. She had one hundred and fifty francs tucked away to buy some silk teddys and knickers; but then, she could not afford to miss a fur coat. "About a hundred francs," she admitted.

"Let's see it."

Vi ran into the bed room and ransacked the bureau drawer. From a secret hiding place she drew out two bills and brought them to her husband.

"I'll see what it is," Georges reluc-



VIVIAN ROGER, the Little Schemer

tantly consented. "If it's any good, I'll bring it home tonight. I've got some work at the office; be home about midnight."

"Merci, cheri," his wife said sweetly, "I'm crazy to know what it is."

It was late when Georges came home. Vi, wide awake, vaulted out of bed to meet him.

"Told you so. It isn't worth fifty francs," he said. "Just brought it along because you made such a fuss about it."

He tossed her a cheap, plush coat. It showed signs of hard wear and bore not the slightest resemblance to the three-quarter length squirrel skin garment, which she had admired in *La Vogue's* window.

Vi's face hardly changed. But along in the early morning twilight, as she listened to the heavy snores of her husband, she comprehended the dreadful mistake which had ruined her plans.

"That pawn-broker switched coats on Tubby," she decided. "And the worst of it is that we can't kick."

**M**ONDAY afternoon, Vi was on her way to meet Julius Eberbach and tell him of the pawnbroker's duplicity. Almost as she entered the coffee shop where they were to meet, Vi decided that it might be wise to drop in at the insurance office and make quite sure that Georges was not in the city.

The stenographer, a pretty little blonde, replied to her question. "Yes, Madame, your husband went to Orleans before lunch. I believe he will be there several days. Is there anything I can do?"

Vi's eyes were not on the girl. She was looking at the stenographer's coat rack. Hanging there was a new, three-quarter length, squirrel skin coat.

"Georges Roger, of all the mean sneaks . . ." said Vi.



## *The Shiek of Arcady*

By JOHN MCCOLL

Way back in terra cotta Grecian days,  
Beside a creek,  
Down purple hills adrowse in autumn haze  
The Attic sheik,  
Pan, pranced with shaggy flanks along his way  
And played a tune—  
A piping, pretty, phallic roundelay  
Beneath the moon.

The dryads heard the patter of his hoofs  
And peeped to see,  
Beneath their verdant, vocal woodland roofs,  
Him blithsomenly  
Leap over root and boulder as he ran  
Round birchen bend.  
A nymph had only need to look at Pan—  
That was the end.

What Mama Nymph of modesty had taught  
She quite forgot;  
If crafty Pan a quick caress besought  
She struggled not.  
He had his pick of all the forest belles  
And they would stay  
Among the myrtles and the asphodels  
Until the day.

And when, without a reason or a rhyme,  
Away he ran;  
The nymphs he left all had a lovely time  
In panning Pan.



## *Yvonne Bacon*

*One of the fascinations of "Bringing Up Father," at the Lyric. Just imagine how Jiggs would disport himself after one look at Yvonne.*



*Louise Brooks*

*who contributes glowingly to the color and beauty of "Louie the 14th" at  
the Ziegfeld Cosmopolitan Theatre.*

# A Petting Party

*Petting Parties Frequently  
Have Unexpected Sequels,  
and This One Was Certainly  
Not an Exception, Al-  
though It Did Serve to  
Teach a Lesson in the Un-  
wisdom of Haste*

By PAUL DUMONT

THE prophet said that man who is born of woman is born to trouble—or something like that.

There should be an addition to the proverb.

The trouble is due to man's own foolishness. Peste! Take my own case as an example.

For years my old father in Clermont-Ferrand dinned in my ears the precept, "Be not hasty." He wrote it in his letters to me when I came here to Paris.

"Be not hasty," he said—but I was.

It was five of a November afternoon, and already running into dusk. I left my Latin Quarter studio for a brisk walk. Before I had taken half a dozen steps I halted, and lifted my hat with a cheery word of salutation to Thelma Barnes, wife of an attache at the American Legation.

Thelma was accompanied by a girl who caught and immediately held my attention. She was small but exquisitely made; not so small, perhaps, as of a dainty slimness, a certain exquisite reticence of the flesh.

Her features were beautifully cut, with a fine chiselling of lip and nostril, and her hair was bobbed and gloriously golden. She looked at me with the most friendly eyes imaginable.

"Paul Dumont!" cried Mrs. Barnes. "I'm so darned glad I met you. We were on our way to your studio, anyway. This is Zelda Lawrence, who is visiting Paris for the first time. We're going to have a perfectly corking party at the house tonight, and you've simply got to come."



*How that girl did dance!*

"I shall be delighted," said I, looking steadily at Mademoiselle Lawrence.

"Don't tell Zelda it's on her account, for you tell them all that. Don't be any later than nine if you can help it. Good-bye. We're in a perfectly tearing hurry. Toodle-oo."

I grinned after them, and then grew serious. A splendid girl, that Zelda, but—I shrugged my shoulders—probably just as wild as the rest of those Americans, despite her demure look. I didn't want to believe it, but what else could a chap think?

Later I returned to my apartment to change into a dinner-jacket. I put a business suit into a bag to carry along, for I intended staying at the Barnes' over night.

I took a taxi, and all during the forty minute ride watched the sparkling

squares and oblongs of the windows that we passed. Each represented a home—a place that some man had worked and struggled for; a place where he could come at night, and be happy in the presence of the only woman.

Mentally I dressed Zelda in a becoming negligee, and placed her in the privacy of *our* home.

Mon Dieu! What possessed me? Here I was, marrying myself off to a girl whom I had seen only once, and probably never would see again. I the confirmed, and most cynical, of bachelors!

I was admitted by a correctly garbed butler at the Barnes' home.

"They are all in the music room, monsieur," the servant whispered. "Perhaps it would be as well if you went unannounced."

The party was a small one, all Americans, save myself; Fred and Thelma Barnes, Chick and Betty Smalley, Tom Roper and his wife, Helen, the Burnaugh—Archie and Alice—and Zelda Lawrence.

I stood by the door for a moment shielded by the portieres, and looked into the big, lamp-lit room. Apparently these insidious American cocktails have been passed more than once, for the party had "livened up," early as it was.

Thelma was at the piano, banging away at "Red Hot Mamma," with Archie Burnaugh seated unsteadily on the bench, his arm around her waist.

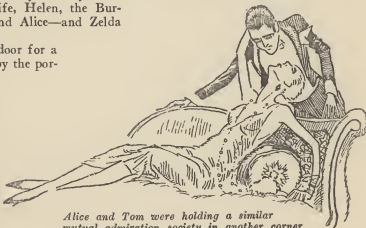
Betty Smalley was executing a rather daring dance, one that apparently required her to hold her skirts high enough for the bare legs above her rolled stockings to be seen. Helen Roper sat on Fred's lap in a dim corner, alternately kissing him, and drinking from his glass. Alice Burnaugh and Tom Roper were holding a similar mutual admiration so-

ciety in another corner. While Chick Smalley was fussing anxiously with a cocktail shaker.

My gaze sought Zelda Lawrence. She lay back in a big, padded chair, an untouched glass in her hand, trying to smile at everything that was going on, but not making a very great success at it. Apparently she wasn't use to that sort of thing.

My idea of a pleasant evening just then would have been to sit quietly with Zelda, smoking an occasional cigarette and just talking. But there was no more chance of doing that than there was of going to bed before three or four o'clock.

First I had to have a couple of cocktails, and then Thelma insisted that I sing, and Betty Smalley made me dance. How that girl did dance, her body responding rhythmically to every beat of the music, her lips touching my cheek. I had danced with Betty a hundred



*Alice and Tom were holding a similar mutual admiration society in another corner*

times before, and enjoyed it, but now I felt uncomfortable, and hoped that Zelda was not watching.

Finally I managed to go to her, for the party split into "couples," each man having somebody else's wife for his partner. It was awfully pleasant, sitting there with Zelda, and I drank rather more of the seductive cocktails and Scotch than I had intended.

Things began to get a bit hazy before my eyes. I felt enormously exhilarated



and uplifted. There was a continual bubble of joy in my chest. I couldn't see anyone but Zelda. She was—well, a wonderful girl.

I kept talking and drinking, with no idea of how many glasses I consumed. Drink has little outward effect on me. Perhaps I might have been a shade paler,

peeped out from beneath the chair.

I stared at them dully.

My head ached abominably, and I found it hard to think with any degree of coherence. And, then, though I did not turn, I became conscious that I was not alone in the room.

Swift disgust leaped up in my heart.

What a fool I was! If Zelda learned of this I never would have a chance with her. How had I taken leave of her, and gone with this person, whoever she was? Had Zelda guessed what I intended doing?

Deuce take that

Scotch! I dimly recalled an auto ride and a jumble of excitement, but could not piece them together.

Then very slowly I turned and looked about. A woman in a shimmering silk kimono was seated at the dressing table, obviously having just arisen, her golden mop of hair tousled about her flushed cheeks; her lips slightly parted, showing the enchanting whiteness of her teeth.

Zelda!

My heart was ice in my breast. I felt no revulsion of disgust, but only pity and overwhelming love, and a hatred of myself.

The girl turned, and smiled drowsily at me. "Bonjour, cheri," she murmured.

I said, "Where are we? I don't remember a thing. Those drinks are still buzzing in my ears."

Zelda regarded me with a sleepy yawn. "Why you ought to. You insisted so much, and I liked you so much, that we drove to the Embassy where the American minister married us at three o'clock this morning!"

Now that my wife has run off with Fred Barnes I have learned that my father was right.

It does not pay to be hasty!



*The automobile was going very fast, but where we were going I did not know.*

a bit more restrained than usual but my voice was still clear.

It must have been very late when, for some reason, everyone decided to go out. Afterward I recalled a rush of air against my face, and the feel of Zelda's shoulders under my arm, but I didn't know where we were going or what we were doing. The automobile was moving very fast . . . and then I seemed to doze off.

Whatever was done in the jumble of things I did not remember.

I awakened with a dull pain in the back of my head, and the vague consciousness of enormous happenings. What they were I did not know, but there was a blurred remembrance of something big.

What was it?

It struck me that my surroundings were strange. The bed-room was neither my own nor the one I usually occupied at the Barnes.

A thin flicker of sun came under the half drawn shades. My eyes opened wider. The room was heavy with the odor of sleep. A woman's dress was flung carelessly over a chair, and a combination—pink and silky—criss-crossed it with color. On the floor lay a pair of stockings, and a tricky looking slipper



*Does the future portend better understanding and greater comradeship among men and women?*

## *A Woman's Philosophy of Love and Marriage*

*A Sincere, Sane Resumé of the Modern Woman's View of Love and Marriage,  
Written by an Author Qualified to Discuss the Subject Cleanly and Without Bias.*

*By* ETHEL E. MANNIN

**I**T IS time someone told the truth about this business of what women mean by love and what love means to women. There are books and plays and discussions about it, and criticisms of the modern woman and her relation to love without end, and still no one seems to know. The issues are confused because the sentimentalists have had it too much their own way, and because, further to complicate matters and mislead man, woman herself will not be frank.

At the outset there is all this babble about the woman in love cherishing the dream of being "the mother of his children." It has its origin, this insincerity, in the Victorian days when women were

supposed to be purely spiritual and idealistic in their attitude to love; when passion was supposed to be exclusively masculine—a sort of unfortunate but inevitable masculine weakness to which the womanly woman submitted with a kind of sweet resignation. It is extraordinary that in these days of feminine emancipation and candor this particular piece of Victorian humbug should still be handed out by the sentimentalists of both sexes in answer to the question: "What does love mean to a woman?"

The illusion persists because woman in her present phase, while frank enough about love and sex in general, has a perverse habit of veiling the motives in her own particular case; and what love

really means to a woman, and what woman really understands by love, men can never know unless women themselves will be frank and tell them. And when they know, men and women will begin to know something about the art of love, which is the art of life, and then, perhaps, they will hash up their relations less frequently than they do now. When women begin to be honest about love, their first step is to shatter the pretty little Victorian illusion and freely admit that love is no more exclusively spiritual and idealistic and fashioned of the stuff of dreams for a woman than it is for a man. It is all these things, but for woman, as for man, preeminently it spells passion and ordinary human desire. Love is as physical a force for woman as it is for man. When woman discovers that she loves a man she does not immediately hunger to be "the mother of his children," any more than a man loving a woman thinks in tangible terms of being the father of her children. Men and women love, and ultimately love's miracle of birth is wrought unconsciously. The edifice of love, as civilized people understand it, is built upon the primitive foundation of the sex instinct. Love is a primitive elemental thing, to which a civilized intelligence brings a quality of spirituality and beauty, making of it not merely a stark physical passion, but a friendship lit by passion.

**W**OMEN know this just as well as men. Only perhaps—because they still seek to preserve a few defensive illusions where men are concerned—they seldom admit it. But, when she is honest with herself,

every bride-to-be must admit to herself that she does not want to be married solely for the sake of having a home and children; no woman sincerely in love thinks in terms of home and children, as the sentimentalists would have us believe; she thinks of the man—her man. For she, too, is a creature of hungers and desires, and love means much the same to her as it means to the man. Neither is it "enough to breathe the air that lately kissed thee." Love, for women as for men, is more than an emotion of the soul; it is a physical devastation as well. It is the torrents of spring tumbling in the heart, deep down, deep down, with an ecstasy and an ache; it is beauty and it is blind longing.

*A tenure of breath at your lips' decree  
A passion to stand as your thoughts approve,  
A rapture to fall where your foot might be.*



*Love is a pleasantly relaxing comedy as well as a stirring human drama, and there is a time for crepe-de-chine and a time, metaphorically for the flowing robes of the mother-of-all-living.*

Love to a woman stands for fulfillment of her womanhood. The expression is a cliché, but it happens to be true. The woman whom love passes by is a woman wasted. That is the real tragedy of old maidhood—the waste of it, that a woman should have passed through the various physical phases to womanhood, developing, maturing, perfecting, suffering—for nothing. Women, as women, were not fashioned except for love. They were given their peculiar feminine hardness so that when the time was ripe, in fulfillment of love, they might bear children. That is where children come in—not consciously, sentimentally, as an insincere ideal used by prudes to make a normal human desire, but beautifully, unconsciously, the product of love.



*Every bride-to-be knows that love is a primitive, elemental thing, to which a civilized intelligence brings a quality of spirituality and beauty.*

But love means other things to women besides this fulfillment of their natural purpose. It means an outlet for their abundant capacity for being loving—as apart from the sex instinct. That is why old maids take to cats and canaries. They must have something on which to lavish this capacity for loving, which has more to do with the mother-instinct than with sex. That is the one way in which women do dif-

fer from men in their love business. While they are as definitely and strongly sexed as men, they have in addition that peculiarly feminine capacity for being loving.

SO much for woman in the light of her giving love; what of her in the aspect of receiving it? What does she understand when a man says to her: "I love you"? Here again woman will not be frank. But the woman who is honest will admit that by a man's love she joyously understands his desire for her as much as his appreciation of her attractiveness and his admiration of her mind and character. It is infinitely precious to be set among the "beckoning hill-top women" in a man's life; precious to know that for one man you walk among the stars; but it is precious, also, to come close, close to the sweet earthiness of earth. Love should be a banquet as well as a sacrament.

Answering the question: what do women demand of love? One answers the other question: What do women understand by love? Of love a woman demands that it make her desirable, as physically desirable as Helen was to Paris, as spiritually lovely as Beatrice was to Dante; of love a woman demands that it make her adored, that she may be Eve and seductive. For love is a pleasantly relaxing comedy as well as a stirring human drama, and there is a time for *crepe-de-Chine* and a time, metaphorically, for the flowing robes of the mother-of-all-living.

Love may no longer be a woman's whole existence, but when she is really honest, she will admit it is still, and always must be, the most vital part of her existence. When a man says Love he means Woman, but when a woman says love she means—Life!

\* \* \*

*The preceding article attracted such widespread attention and favorable comment when it appeared in a recent issue of one of England's leading magazines that PARIS NIGHTS immediately arranged the purchase of American first serial rights. We are thus able to present it as an exclusive feature.*



*The Montmartre herein described is now only a memory, but such a memory that even the reading of it has its intriguing aspects.*

## Memories of Montmartre

*Mr. Price's Youthful Days as an Art Student in Paris Were Perhaps the Most Interesting of His Career, Despite the Great Success as a Portrait Painter Which Later Attended Him. Certainly When He Unlocks the Doors of His Mind and Casts Back Through the Colorful Past, His Readers Are Enthralled.*

By JULIUS PRICE

THERE WERE, of course many cafes in Montmartre frequented by artists—the Nouvelle Athenes on the Place Pigalle and the one on the Place Blanche, to mention only two where we used to go occasionally.

Alluding to these cafes reminds me of a very curious though perhaps amusing experience I had on one occasion. A charming lady (they were all charming in those days) had promised to lunch with me, and wrote to say she would meet me at the cafe on the Place Blanche at one o'clock. I was delighted, and got there ten minutes before the time so as not to keep her waiting. I ordered an aperitif, and not having read the paper that morning I called for the *Figaro*. Absorbed in my reading I did not notice the time; then suddenly I thought of it, and looked at my watch. It was half-past one. She was half an hour late; surely something must have happened to prevent her keeping the appointment. Quite suddenly it flashed

through my mind, as I looked round, that our rendezvous was at the cafe on the Place Blanche, and that I was seated at the Nouvelle Athenes on the Place Pigalle. How it came about I cannot explain, except that it must have been a fit of abstraction on my part.

In no time at all I had paid the waiter, and was running as fast as I could to the Place Blanche, a few hundred yards distant—but she was not there. When I got back to my room after lunch I found a note from her telling me she had waited for half an hour, and hoped there had been no misunderstanding as to the appointment. She was good-natured enough to forgive me, and lunched with me another day, when I explained the contretemps, putting it down, as she said laughingly, to my temperament d'artiste. Not many women would have been so kind.

At the opposite corner of the Place Pigalle was the Rat Mort, then a place of unpleasant repute even for Mont-

martre—as it had the reputation of being frequented only by ladies and gentlemen of certain proclivities. Still it gradually seemed to improve, and, the usual habitués migrating elsewhere, it then got to be known that they gave an excellent table d'hôte dinner with vin à discretion at 2.25, and it was by degrees taken up till at last one could actually be seen going in without any chaffing remarks being made afterwards; while it eventually also became a place where one sat outside and took one's coffee and so forth.

The life on the Place Pigalle was very interesting to watch from the terrace of either of the cafés, especially of an evening before dinner; there was always a stream of petites ouvrières on their way home, and if it were at all muddy one would get a gratuitous display of dainty ankles.

I remember sitting with some pals outside the Rat Mort one summer evening taking our aperitifs. It had been raining but had cleared up. We were in a lark sort of mood. Suddenly one of us exclaimed, "What a lovely leg that girl's got crossing over there; if her face is anything to match she must be a real beauty.

"Well, it's easily found out," I remarked.

"How?"

"By going after her and having a look, of course," I replied, making a movement as though I were about to do so; but at that moment the object of our curiosity turned round to avoid a passing cab, and revealed the most charming of faces and figures. She was indeed chic and attractive, and we all gave an exclamation of approval.

"You are so daring, Price," said one of the chaps—"I'll tell you what I'll

do: I'll bet you five francs you don't go after her and bring her back to dinner."

"I don't like to encourage your extravagance," I replied in the same vein. "but I'll take on your bet all the same."

"I'll make it a bottle of wine as well, that you don't even get her to speak to you."

"Done with you," I replied, and picking up my hat and stick I dashed across the road after the beautiful stranger. I felt that my reputation as a "blood" was at stake, so had no hesitation.

Just as she reached the opposite side of the Boulevard, and was walking up the Rue Houdon, I caught her up. I was breathless both with excitement and with hurrying. Without pausing I raised my hat and blurted out, "Pardon



*We sat in a corner and had a simple little dinner which she chose herself.*

me, Mademoiselle, for speaking to you, but will you help me make a fortune?"

**S**HE stopped dead, and looked at me with astonishment, amazed for a moment at my impertinence in speaking to her, for she was evidently not the type of girl to be à la recherche d'une aventure.

"Que me voulez-vous, Monsieur?" she ejaculated; then noting perhaps that I was not an evil-looking ruffian, she added, "Je ne vous connais pas."

But that in itself was sufficient; it

only remained with me to start a conversation. In the distance I could see my friends at the café standing up, the better to watch developments. I had an inspiration which I flattered myself afterwards was a masterpiece.

"It's this way, Mademoiselle," I said;



*All the smartest and fastest girls and artists' models were to be found at the Elysée Montmartre.*

"I am an artist and I am looking for a specially beautiful face for a picture I am going to paint, and as you passed I said to myself that if I could only persuade you to sit for me my fortune is made. So you can help me if you will; anyhow I offer you my apologies for venturing to accost you."

It was bold introduction, but it caught on. Although she repeated, "Mais je ne vous connais pas, Monsieur," I could see she was not really angry, now she knew my reason for stopping her; so one portion of the bet was already won—now for the other. But in these few minutes I had realized that she was no ordinary girl, such as one could meet any day in Montmartre; so I quickly made up my mind that if I could help it the adventure should not end so abruptly. The ice was now broken, so after some persuasion I got her to let me accompany her just a little way while I told her all about my picture—which needless to say had only just been evolved from my imagination.

I soon discovered, and to my surprise,

while getting more and more friendly, for I had hoped for something different, that she was quite a respectable girl, living with her people in the Rue Lepic, and was employed as vendeuse at a big millinery establishment in the Rue Royale. We strolled on for quite a long while getting more and more friendly, till she gradually threw off her reserve of manner and remarked naively that anyone to see us would take us for old friends; and then I remembered the bet and felt almost ashamed of myself for having told her such a lot of fibs. When, however, she said she must be getting home, and I then suggested her dining with me instead, she wouldn't hear of it for a moment.

"Une autre fois, peut-être, mais pas ce soir," besides, she was expected home. After a deal of persuasion I managed to get her to give me an address where I could write her, and she promised to meet me another evening; then she hurried away.

When I got back to the café my friends had nearly finished dinner; they gave a roar of laughter when I appeared alone, and the one who had made the bet began to chaff me mildly. I pulled out a five-franc piece and handed it to him, saying, "You have won that part of the bet, old man, but I'll have the bottle of wine with you, at any rate." They started asking a lot of questions, but I refused to be drawn.

"Comme il est malin, ce vieux Price," they declared.

I wondered if they guessed the luck the bet had brought me.

A few days later we met again, but not by accident this time, and I took her to a very quiet restaurant away from my artistic haunts; and we sat right in a corner in case anyone should happen to come in who knew her at home, and we had a simple little dinner which she chose herself—and then I told her all about the bet and she wasn't the least bit angry, but laughed

heartily and said, "On m'a toujours dit que les Anglais sont monotones, mais vous no l'etes pas au moins." Then we strolled back through quiet streets in quite spoony fashion, and I snatched an occasional kiss in dark doorways; and it was very nice and all that—but it wasn't a bit what I had expected, for she had to get in early unless she was going to a theatre, she told me. One evening, "when her parents knew me," she would perhaps be allowed to stay out later. We had a very peaceful, pleasant evening, and I promised to write and fix another appointment; but on thinking it all over afterwards I came to the conclusion that it would be better for us both not to meet again—so I didn't write.

NEXT door to the Rat Mort on the Place Pigalle an artist's house, I think it was Stevens, with studio and garden, had just been bought by some enterprising restaurateur who had conceived the original idea of turning it all into a high-class restaurant; so one lunched or dined in the *salle à manger* and the *salon* and the big studio upstairs, while during the summer it was pleasant to take one's coffee under the tree in the garden which overlooked the Place. To this new place was given the artistic and resounding appellation of the Abbaye de Thélème. The prices were just a trifle higher than elsewhere in the neighborhood, but very moderate considering.

Montmartre in those days was a very different place to what it later became. The Moulin Rouge was not dreamed of. The chief place of amusement was the Elysée Montmartre, a dancing hall on the Boulevard Rochechouart, where all the smartest and fastest girls and the artists' models were to be found. Everybody used to go there, and it was quite the only thing to do on Saturday and Sunday nights during the winter. One was pretty sure to find an "aventure" there also if one was looking for one. On Sundays, in the afternoon, there was dancing up at the Moulin de

la Galette, a quaint ramshackle old place on the heights of Montmartre.

This was a picturesque spot close to the fortifications, on the top of a steep hill. It was almost rural in its seclusion, and was more like a corner in a small provincial town than a portion of busy Paris; the view one obtained from the terrace alone was worth the arduous climb up the ill-paved streets to reach it, and many people went up only for this, and with no intention of dancing. The ballroom was very primitive, as it had evidently been a big barn originally, and there was no pretence at all at luxury about it or the gardens surrounding it. Close by was the battered ruin of an old mill, from which it got its name. Here the crowd was of a very rough description; though one often met artists up there, it was not at all artistic. One was charged a small sum for each dance, and a man used to collect this during the dances. There were always a lot of pretty girls there, but it was a somewhat risky thing to ask anyone you didn't know to dance with you, as it was more than probable her "macquereau" was close by, and he and his pals might set on you when you got outside. This was constantly happening, as there was never more than one policeman on duty in the hall. Artists would go up there to look for a pretty model, and have a very bad time if they went up alone and were too venturesome.

Although it was the artists' quarter it was also a hot-bed of vice. The whole of the district round where I lived was full of women and their souteneurs, and in the Rue Breda on a warm summer evening one would see dozens of them hanging out of their windows in the scantiest of attire, and they would often beckon one to come up. There was, however, no necessity to go out of one's way to look up at the windows for such adventures if one were so minded, as the streets of the Quartier de Notre Dame de Lorette fairly reeked with cocottes, and they were to be seen everywhere—gorgeously dressed in the





*Studios were to be found in all the streets around the Place Pigalle—and a great number of artists' models made it their centre.*

latest of fashion and painted up to their eyes. There were any number of brasseries and cafés which were crowded with them of a night—where one saw every possible grade of frail sisterhood.

**I** SHALL never forget my first impressions of one of these places. It was close on daybreak. In the hot, fetid atmosphere, reeking with musk and the fumes of stale tobacco smoke, the crowd of wanton women with their painted and powdered faces and tawdry finery appeared almost inhuman. I remember that on looking round I wondered what attraction, sensually or otherwise,

these bedizened trollops could possibly present, even to the most drunken debauchee, for most of them were quite middle aged, and I did not see one with any pretension to good-looks. There were very few men in the cafe, and the women sat at the tables in gloomy silence, for time was getting on and soon the place would be closing, and then naught would remain but to make their way wearily to the all-night houses near the Halles Centrales, the last hope of the Paris street-walker.

It was indeed a picture of the underworld of a great city. There were also not a few places in the neighborhood



*One was charged a small sum for each dance.*

which enjoyed a peculiar notoriety distinctly Parisian, where the sterner sex were seldom to be seen. In fact so notorious was the district that I often wondered if any respectable female really lived in it. The artists' colony adjourned, and in places overlapped it—whether by accident or design one can

only surmise; anyhow, one would find studios in all the streets around the Place Pigalle—while along the Boulevard there seemed to be one in every house, judging from the immense windows facing north; in fact some houses consisted only of studios. The framemakers and color merchants apparently thrived well in this quarter, for there were numbers of them. Artists' models, mostly Italians, male and female, used to loiter about the centre of the Place Pigalle waiting for a job—and with their picturesque costumes imparted a bright welcome note of color on a sunny morning.

The studio district later crept right up the heights of Montmartre—but I am only concerned with the part where I lived at that time, and which was the original colony—the Boulevard Rochechouart, the Boulevard de Clichy, and some of the neighboring streets.

No description of the quarter would be complete without some mention of the famous Cabaret du Chat Noir which had just been opened in the Rue de Laval by the artist, poet, and writer, Rodolphe Salis. Originally started on

the Boulevard Rochechouart in 1881, in a modest shop which served as studio for Salis, it became the rendezvous of all the eccentric artists, poets, musicians, and writers of Montmartre, who gave full vent to the most revolutionary theories in their work, while ostensibly drinking the comparatively harmless beer of France. These reunions gradually became talked about and other people outside the little set were attracted to the place.

The growing éclat of the coterie decided Salis to transform his studio into an artistic cabaret.

The walls were plentifully adorned with old tapestry and other quaint decorations and paintings, as well as with busts of the original members. A magnificent black cat, which had served as model to several artists, was the oriflamme of the little establishment which henceforth blazoned out under the sonorous appellation of "L'Institut" (a skit on the famous temple of Science and Art of Paris), and where only those who made their living by their intellect were eligible as members. The vogue of the place spread among the artists and writers away from Montmartre, and it became generally known as the "Chat Noir." The artistic soirées of Salis began to be talked about; the tickets of invitation to these gatherings were eagerly sought after, till at length the modest ci-devant shop became too small to contain all those who wished to be present.

IN THE face of such extraordinary success, Salis decided to move the "Institut" to more important and convenient premises in the Rue de Laval in 1885. The removal of the cabaret from its old quarters was made in the most original and fantastic style—as might have been expected from so many fertile brains. At eleven at night a remarkable and picturesque procession was formed, and to the accompaniment of weird music the members marched through the streets with their bag and baggage to their "new home;" while

the whole quarter turned out to witness the most curious spectacle that had ever been offered to Montmartre. The festivity in connection with the removal of the "Chat Noir" continued late in the night, and some of the younger and more boisterous of the followers of Salis were so carried away by the exuberance of their spirits that they started playing pranks outside the cabaret, which might have landed them in trouble. As it was, they only escaped through a fortuitous circumstance which was quite amusing in itself.

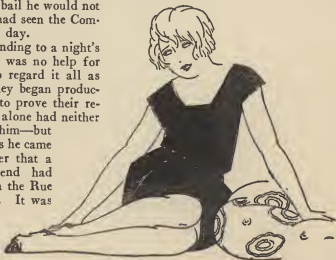
About two in the morning half a dozen or so of young fellows, my cousin Jephson among them, after all sorts of hare-brained escapades, started scaling lamp-posts and turning out the gas. They were thus merrily engaged when some sergeants de ville suddenly appeared on the scene, arrested them all, and conveyed them to the nearest poste de police, where they were brought before the officer on a charge of riotous behaviour. Though doubtless accustomed to such boyish pranks on the part of artists and students, he assumed a very grave air, expatiated on the heinousness of their conduct, and told them to their astonishment that they would have to prove their identity; also that unless they could find bail he would not let them out till they had seen the Commissaire the following day.

Here was a pretty ending to a night's amusement; but there was no help for it, since he refused to regard it all as a harmless joke, so they began producing letters and cards to prove their respectability. Jephson alone had neither a card nor a letter on him—but in searching his pockets he came across a "spoof" letter that a facetious London friend had posted in his rooms in the Rue St. Georges that day. It was addressed thus :  
 "To the Right Honourable Lord Sir Charles Jephson, Esquire, N. B. R. S. V. P., etc., dans

son Hotel de St. Georges—a Paris."

In a spirit of banter he handed the envelope to the official, who read it attentively. The effect produced was astounding; he rose from his chair and with an obsequious bow assured Jephson that he would accept his assurance that he and all his friends would attend before the Commissaire when ordered to do so—or words to that effect. So they all trooped out of the station again, and curiously enough they heard no more of the affair; which perhaps proved that even in a Republican country like France a high-sounding title carried weight.

The success of the "Chat Noir" brought about extraordinary changes, not only in the life of Montmartre but in the world of entertainment generally. Shortly there were imitation "Chat Noirs" all over the district, and then the rage extended to the Grande Boulevards and beyond. Still others followed—in all of which the original conception of Salis could be treated—namely, to give scope to eccentric genius and original thought—with the result that a new school of decoration sprang up, which gradually ousted timeworn academic methods, and which even now holds its own.



*On thinking it over I concluded that it would be better for her—better for us both—not to meet again.*

# Father and Son

*Jacques Rodiere Hadn't Thought of Anne as a Wife Until His Father Suggested It. The Dramatic Action That Follows Places This Tale Among the Really Great Short Stories of Recent Years.*

By JOHN McCLURE

GASTON RODIERE gazed at his son for a moment with narrowed eyes. They widened naturally as his son glanced up. The two men were harnessing mules.

"Jacques," he said, "it's about time you were married."

Jacques Rodiere shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

It was a warm day in May. The odor of the barnyard was pleasant in their nostrils. Chickens strutted about their feet. The horses lazily moved their ears, blinking in the sunlight. The wheatfields of the Rodieres stretched out golden on every side from this snug clearing where the comfortable house of Gaston Rodiere, with the barn behind it, adorned the landscape. As they harnessed the mules, Gaston studied his son carefully. Jacques was happily oblivious.

Anne emerged from the kitchen door with a pail. She was not Jacques' sister, but he felt that she was. She was really a hired girl, but she had long been one of the family. She came toward the pump with a supple swinging stride. Jacques smiled good-naturedly. Gaston Rodiere did not look up.

"Going?" called Anne.

Gaston Rodiere nodded.

"Out," said Jacques.

Anne drew her pail of water, pumping carelessly with one hand, standing with the other hand upon her hip. She was not pretty her face was

plain. But hers was an excellent body—firm, supple, vigorously feminine.

Her breasts moved gracefully as she pumped. She was not pretty—but she was, perhaps, desirable in spite of it. She was compact, certainly, of the firm flesh of youth. Jacques liked to watch her as she worked. His kindly admiring eyes followed her as she returned to the kitchen.

The two men mounted the seat of the spring wagon. Jacques took the reins. "Cluck!"

Gaston and Jacques Rodiere were off to town.

As they rattled down the road, the golden fields of the Rodiere's wheat receded from them. Gaston owned five farms. He was a very successful farmer, this sturdy, gray-haired, iron-muscled man that sat so soberly beside his son on the bouncing seat.

"It's about time you were married, Jacques," said Gaston Rodiere. "You're twenty-five."

"It's about time you were married, Jacques," said Gaston Rodiere. "You're twenty-five."

Jacques laughed awkwardly, clucking loudly at the mules. "I've been trying to screw up heart enough to ask her," he said, "for six months. I'm afraid she won't have me."

"Who?" snapped Gaston Rodiere.

"Louise Poe."

"Don't talk like a fool. She's engaged to Francois



JACQUES RODIERE,  
The Son



*"Anne's a good girl. She's going to be a fine, handsome woman."*

Lecard. She's no good, anyhow."

"Well?"

"Anne's the girl for you," said Gaston Rodiere quietly.

Jacques laughed. "Why I'd as soon marry a sister."

"She's no kin to you."

"No, I know she's not—but she *seems* like a sister. It'd be ridiculous."

"Anne's a good girl."

"I know it—but——"

"But nothing! Anne is the girl for you. Your mother and I took her in five years ago with you in mind. She's a good girl. She'll give you a good home. She's going to be a fine, handsome woman. She knows your habits."

"But I couldn't marry her, Pere."

"Why couldn't you? Do you think if you run off after some flighty-tighty like Francois Poe, you'll be better off? I wouldn't give you a penny, Jacques."

Jacques looked up startled.

"I mean it. I won't have you making a fool of yourself. You marry Anne and settle down. I'll give you a farm. I'll give you a hundred and sixty acres closest to town. You could make a fine start, with a good girl and a farm like that."

"But——"

"If you run off after some petticoat you don't know anything about," said Gaston Rodiere, "not an acre nor a cent. You marry Anne. That's the sensible thing. You're twenty-five. I'll give you the best farm in the valley."

Jacques looked ahead, down the road. The fertile acres of the farm in question stretched before him, with the town beyond. It was a rare opportunity.

"This farm?" Jacques demanded, gesturing with his thumb.

"Certainment said Gaston Rodiere "I'll do well by you. I'll give you the farm, as a matter of course, and money enough to begin with."

"Alright," said Jacques. He clucked at the mules. "Anne is a good girl," he added.

Gaston Rodiere beamed upon his son. "And you're a good boy, Jacques."

**I**T WAS two months later, as Gaston Rodiere was repairing the board fence in the barnyard, with nails between his teeth and his shirt sleeves rolled high on his strong, muscular arms, that Jacques came galloping up on horseback. He was flushed and excited. Throwing the reins over the nearest fence-post, he leaped to the ground. His eyes were



Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

### *Along the Seine*

*A charming, medieval setting on the outskirts of Paris with a charming, modern young lady to lend contrast.*



## *The Irvin Sisters*

*Marcelle and Genevieve, members of the "Vive la Femme" Company now playing at the Palace Theatre, Paris.*

feverish, his face bathed in sweat, his hair dishevelled. "Pere——!" he shouted. "Pere! Anne—Anne's going to have a baby!"

Gaston Rodiere quietly removed the nails from his mouth. "Better take good care of her, Jacques," he said. "When they're that way, they need——"

"But she's going to have a baby!" screamed Jacques. "I tell you, she's going to have a baby. And it's not mine! She's going to have one right away!"

"Anne's a good girl, Jacques," said Gaston Rodiere, measuring a board against the fence. "Let her have whatever she wants. When they're that way——"

"But, Mon Dieu!" screamed Jacques. "It's not mine, I tell you. She's deceived me! She—she isn't what we thought she was."

"Anne's a good girl," said Gaston

Rodiere. He did not look up from his work.

"Pere! Can't you understand? Can't you understand?" Jacques repeated desperately. "She's going to have a baby, I tell you—a——"

"Anne's a good girl," said Gaston Rodiere quietly. "She'll make you a good wife Jacques. It'll be all right. I'll give the baby a farm." He carefully placed a nail and hammered it home.

"What?" demanded Jacques furiously.

"I'll give the baby a farm," Gaston Rodiere repeated.

Jacques Rodiere stared at his father. His eyes widened. His jaw dropped. Suddenly he turned on his heel and, without a word, mounted his horse. For now he, too, understood.

As he rode off Gaston Rodiere hammered soberly and methodically upon the fence.



## Too Clever

By JAMES CLYDE BAILEY

Eileen is clever, I aver,  
For when I begged a kiss of her,  
She said: "My lips I never lend  
To any man who's not a friend."

I talked and talked, and never winched,  
Until the darling was convinced  
That I of all the men she knew  
Was worthy of her friendship true.

Then, arms about each other twined,  
And mouth to mouth, I soon divined  
Just why it is that Love equips  
A girl with mad, inspiring lips.

She kissed too well. When I looked back  
I'd gladly bet my pile of jack  
That in this land so broad and free  
She's not a single enemy.





*Nanette's mother enjoyed as gay an evening as the young man thought she would stand.*

## Oui, Oui, Nanette

*It Was Never "No, No, Nanette" in the Tardieu Family. Nanette Had a Way of Following Her Own Dictates—Until the Boncoeur Adventure, When, Incidentally, She Learned Some Surprising Things About Her Fiance's Philosophy of Life and Love.*

By GRANT H. CODE

WHEN Monsieur Jerome Renaud who was cooling his heels in Nanette's parlor—a very comfortable place to sit, by the way, on a July afternoon—was greeted by Madame Tardieu hurrying down to meet him with the information that her daughter had gone motor-ing with Edouard Boncoeur, he did not scowl nor upbraid Nanette to her mother. Instead he smiled delightedly and inquired after Madame Tardieu's peonies. She promptly conducted him on a tour of the garden after which he asked carelessly: "And when do you expect Nanette home?"

"I believe she is going to dinner and then to the theatre. You know, Jerome, that child drives me to distraction. Where she learned such behavior I cannot imagine. Perhaps it is inherited from the Tardieus? A Noyeau would never behave as she does."

"Then you are all alone for the evening," exclaimed Jerome. "Splendid! What would you say to a dinner at the Olympia and the theatre afterward?"

Madame Tardieu looked askance at Jerome, whom she did not quite understand, but his offer was enticing. Dinner at the Olympic and a theatre party sounded exciting. Madame retired to dress for the lark, and Jerome amused himself by flirting with the maid.

Nanette's mother enjoyed as gay an evening as the young man thought she would stand. Upon their return they walked from the limousine to the veranda slowly, Jerome sentimentalizing to the stars, Madame Tardieu thinking how nice it was to have a prospective son-in-law who made love to one. She was worried, though, to find the house dark except for a light in the hall and to discover that Nanette had not returned.



*"She is going to dinner and then to the theatre. She drives me to distraction. Where she learned such behavior I cannot imagine."*

"Where do you suppose she can be? I don't altogether trust that young man Boncoeur, and I must say I am rather surprised that you should take this whole affair so coolly, Jerome. It really is unkind of Nanette."

"Ah, but I shouldn't worry if I were you, Madame Tardieu. Nanette is quite capable of caring for herself. I know that. It is all I can do to get a kiss from her since our engagement, and there was absolutely nothing doing before. I never saw a girl who could drive a fellow so perfectly crazy without appearing to get the least sensation from it herself except perhaps the pleasure of seeing someone miserable."

"Nanette is very strange," said Madame Tardieu. "I am sure no Noyeau . . ." "She caught herself and blushed. Jerome laughed. "I am sure the Noyeaux were much more tractable . . . and much more charming," he added hastily, coming out of danger by the skin of his teeth. "I wish I had known you before *Peré Tardieu* came along."

"You are an absurd boy," Madame Tardieu blushed prodigiously, "I am sure you were in your crib at the time. . . . Now run along. I for one am not going to sit up for Nanette."

IN the comfortable seclusion of his bachelor quarters, Jerome mused that night over the possibilities of married life with Nanette. Suddenly there came a knock on his door.

Mon Dieu! It was one o'clock. Who could be calling at this hour? He opened the door. "Nanette" he gasped.

"Ah, mon cher," she sobbed, throwing her

arms around his neck and muffling her voice in the bosom of a mandarin coat in which he habitually lounged. "I have had a perfectly beastly time. Boncoeur is a brute. He took me to dinner and the theatre and then to a dance at the Country Club. But upon our return he stopped his car on a deserted road. I was dreadfully frightened, mon cher."

"I wish you wouldn't use that absurd term of endearment," said Jerome. "And if you would sit down in that chair across the room from me, I could hear you much better."

"But I've got to hold on to you, mon . . . I mean, Jerome. I'm so frightened and I want you so. And I won't ever leave you again. . . . He tried to make love to me out in that lonely place. And—and I didn't know what to do."

"And what did you do?"

"I told him I would tell you just



*Later, Nanette accompanied Boncoeur to a dance at the country club, where his attentions were further pressed upon her.*

what he had done, and he said you wouldn't care, you'd be amused. The beast! You aren't amused, are you?"

"I am not!" Jerome spoke with sincerity.

"I knew you wouldn't be. I told him you would horse-whip him tomorrow. You will, won't you?"

"Oui."

"Finally, I made him see that I would have none of his advances. Then he brought me back; and at a crossing, while he was watching the traffic, I climbed out of the car and came here. I don't ever want to go away again. You have our license and we can be married tomorrow. I want you, mon cher, and I love you . . . just awfully much."

"But, mon cher. . . ."

"Go into the bathroom and wash your face while I put on some clothes. I am going to take you home."

"But, mon cher. . . ."

"You are going home to mother, and you may as well leave your ring on the center table. It's worth several thousand francs and you won't be wanting it. I hope I shan't, but I may. Otherwise I shall pawn it."

"Jerome!"

"There isn't going to be any Madame Tardieu-announces-the-marriage-of-her-daughter-Nanette in our family. That's settled."

"But, Jerome, I love you and I am going to marry you. I couldn't help what happened tonight."

"Yes, you could. Why didn't you let Boncoeur have his little fun and then tease me about it in the morning? It wouldn't have been the first time you let yourself be kissed for my benefit.

Nobody would have been horse-whipped then and Madame Tardieu would have married her daughter brilliantly as per schedule."

"I think you are horrid and I don't understand you at all."

"It's too late for you to think I am horrid now. We are not going to be married. That is final."

"Jerome, don't break my heart. Tell



*"I don't ever want to go away again. You have our license and we can be married tomorrow. I love you. . . . just awfully much."*

me why, at least. I really couldn't help.

"So I see, and I'm glad to know it now. Nanette, I am constitutionally a bachelor and a flirt. I want to live my bachelor life without being hampered by someone constantly in love with me. As long as I remain unmarried, flirting is dangerous because it may lead to something. Besides, objectionable young ladies are continually falling in love with me. I proposed to you because I thought you, too, were a confirmed bachelor and flirt. I thought we could afford ourselves mutual protection and flirt with each other when nobody else was around, thus supplying the needs of both of us. I find that is quite impossible. Therefore, I withdraw the offer of my hand."

"But, Jerome. This is quite ridiculous. I tell you I love you."

"Quite so," agreed Jerome, politely. "I fully understand."



*There was the usual crowded array of parties supplying a pleasant din behind which more personal conversation took cover.*

## Parisian Twilights

II AT PRUNIER'S

*Paris is a City of Amazing Adventure, Unexpected Meetings, and Sparkling Vivacious, Although Delightful Personalities—Such as the Lady in the White and Pink Evening Gown, for Instance.*

By HARRY DuBOIS

I WAS confronted one evening by the prospect of dining alone in Paris. Although my appetite urged me to dine well, my moody disposition that evening refused to dine with conversation by the way of a pocket dictionary and nothing to say. Accordingly, it looked as though a lonely meal were ahead of me.

As I was already walking along the Rue St. Honore, I determined to take a short cut toward the Madeleine for I knew that in that direction were several delightful restaurants, the *Topsy Fish* and others, where adequate table d'hôte dinners were served for five or six francs. If, by the time I got there, my taste had grown more finicky there were better restaurants nearby.

So I turned into the Rue Duphot as a short cut, never dreaming that romance lay in that direction.

Before I had gone many steps I found myself in front of a window

showing every kind of sea food imaginable. My attention, however, was entirely captured by a species of sea animal new to me. It was not a clawless lobster as it appeared to be, for lobsters were shown on a tray beside them. The sign on them said *Langoustes*. They were as large as the largest lobsters but had no big front claws. They looked like giant crayfish, and indeed I later learned that is just what they were.

They looked, at any rate, exceedingly edible, so I went inside through a door bearing the legend PRUNIER'S. There were two oyster bars with high stools and one or two little tables. Not a seat was available; the place was crowded. I was about to turn away in disappointment when a trim waitress came forward and pointed to a stairway leading upward in the back of the shop.

I could not understand what she said but there appeared to be something I

should see up stairs. My time was my own and curiosity led me on. I ascended.

ON THE second floor I found myself in a new domaine. There was a long, narrow corridor panelled with mirrors into which opened several small dining rooms which would hold probably thirty to fifty people each. I was relieved of my hat and top coat and cane and shown at once into one of these rooms where I was given a small table against the wall.

In Paris the usual arrangement is to have upholstered benches all around the wall, and the patrons sit side by side. The waiter can serve easily from the front and this seating arrangement is so much more desirable than the other for it makes conversation so much readier, so much softer, so much more intimate.

Of course, out in the middle of the room are the usual crowded array of parties supplying a pleasant din behind which more personal conversation may take cover.

My table was between two others. On my right was a lady of exquisite charm with a bald-headed escort. I have not the slightest recollection of who was on my left. It may have been the wall. But the lady on my right was very near. Her escort sat on the further side and I could not see him very well.

When the waiter approached to take my order I had forgotten all about my *langoustes* which I had especially come to eat, and ordered instead a filet of sole and a half pint of Haute Sauterne, a choice not to be regretted anywhere, especially not at Prunier's. There is no better place in Paris to find sea food; there is no better place to be a fish.

The lady on my right was blond;—langorous and blasé she seemed to me at first. She gave me a glance of indifference, her eyes traveling up and down me and even through me. I saw the round beauty of her features. My admiration could not possibly have been

suppressed had I tried, and it never occurred to me to try. Her response was immediate. Her eyes sparkled, and her mouth—

But it is much easier to speak of her clothes. The general effect was white and a delicate coral pink, cut low, with straps leading over splendid shoulders. In the shoulder nearest me was an emerald brooch. Her hair was close to her head and curled mischievously. There was no headdress of any sort, a thing unusual enough in itself even if the beauty of her hair were not.

The only jewel was the brooch but the emerald was very large.

At least, that is the only jewel I noticed at first. While I dallied over my Sauterne waiting for the recollected *langouste* I had later ordered, I saw her hand fall with a negligent gesture onto the upholstery between us. I glanced down under my lashes, pretending to be looking at my plate. Her hand was small and white. It had just one ring on it, a sea-green emerald surrounded by small diamonds. Her hand looked so delicate and *petit* that it occurred to me mine would completely hide it. I gave way to my whim. My hand fell



*My admiration could not possibly have been suppressed had I tried, and it never occurred to me to try.*

gently over hers. My pulse quickened suddenly with fear lest she should be enraged. But she seemed not to notice it at all so engrossed was she in conversation with her corpulent, bald escort. I did not venture to distract her by any boldness or any sudden movement on my part, so I just left my hand where it was quietly.

**MY LANGOUSTE** arrived and looked very tempting. I was in a dilemma, with only one hand disengaged. But after all, I reasoned to myself, I had come in to Prunier's expressly for *langouste* and not to feast on sea-green emeralds and coral pink. I was about to decide that I should keep my diet strictly confined to sea food, when I noticed a movement, ever so slight, at the hem of the neighboring table cloth, and a little green slipper came

peeping out and slowly strayed in my direction.

It looked as though it might go so far away it could never find its way back, and I was afraid for it, wandering around so lonely and carelessly, so I put out my ample shoe right in its path. It came to rest calmly, just touching mine.

The hand beneath mine seemed scarcely alive, so cool and still it was. I pressed it ever so slightly. One of my fingers was taken in two little fingers and squeezed so that I marvelled at the strength in them.

Then the lady rose and her escort placed a dainty wrap around her daintier shoulders and they went out. I took a farewell look at the untouched *langouste* and followed them.

At the entrance on the Rue Duphot, the escort had summoned a taxi and I emerged from Prunier's just as the cab drew up to the curb. My exquisite neighbor was about to enter when she saw me and our eyes met.

"Ah, mon cher," she cried turning to her escort, "*j'ai oublié ma petite mouchoir à la dentelle.*"

She entered the taxi as her escort re-entered Prunier's in quest of her forgotten lace handkerchief.

I leaped for the running-board of the cab.

"Bouffes-Parisiens," I shouted, to the driver, naming a theatre where I knew there was an excellent farce playing.

I jumped inside and slammed the door.

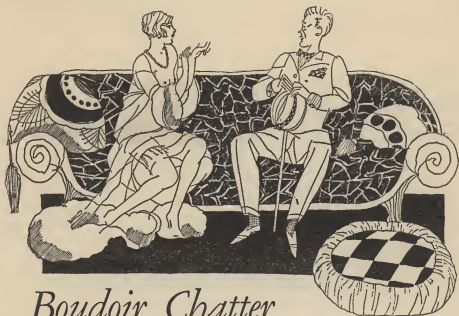
We drove off at once to the theatre. My companion seemed amused as I sat down beside her. The evening was still young and so were we. There was at least a quarter of an hour for us to get better acquainted before the first act.

\* \* \*

The next adventure in the Parisian Twilights will be "Place Vendôme—Midnight," a five-hour experience indicated in ten minutes. Mr. Du Bois' series is composed of delightful actual-fact episodes full to overflowing with the gaiety and color that makes Paris what it is. You will enjoy every word.



On my right was a lady of exquisite charm.



## Boudoir Chatter

*Our Department of the Interior, Where, Behind Closed Doors and Drawn Curtains, We Amuse Ourselves With Idle Chatter of the World and Its Follies*

"ISN'T my new gown a dream?" demanded Chloe of the Chorus.

"Well, darling," responded Reginald Roué, "it certainly hasn't much substance in fact!"

\* \* \*

A doctor went out to dinner and took in, as his partner, a gushing young lady.

"Is it true, doctor," she asked, "that you are a lady-killer?"

"Mademoiselle," replied the doctor, "I make no distinction between the sexes."

\* \* \*

Gaspard: "I can tell instinctively what people think of me."

Julie: "How annoying!"

\* \* \*

The Maid:: "I'm going to sneeze."

The Man: "At who?"

The Maid: "Atchoo!"

\* \* \*

Mademoiselle Lyype Stiyx: "Don't you just love to go to week-end house parties?"

Mademoiselle Ophelia Pulse: "Of a certainty. That's what I go for!"

AN official stood above the gangway of a ship and cried continually to the passengers as they came on board:

"First class to the right! Second class to the left!"

Up stepped a pretty young woman, carrying in her arms a small baby. As she hesitated, the official leaned forward and asked, in his chivalrous French way, "First or second?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the young woman, her face red as a wild-rose. "Oh—er—it's—it's not my baby at all!"

\* \* \*

There was a young lady named Ware-skin

Who had an exceedingly fair skin;

When they said to her, "Mabel,  
You look sweet in sable,"

She replied, "I look better in bear skin."

\* \* \*

"Eve," reprimanded Adam sternly, "that's the steenth time you have changed your notions about that this week. Sometimes I think you are not even clothed in your right mind."



## *Anastasia Reilly*

*Famous Ziegfeld beauty appearing in "Louie the 14th." The pearl necklace she is wearing is valued at \$50,000.*

*The outlined figure below is that of Mlle Hatacha in her "Dance of the Panther" at the Concert Mayol, Paris.*







## *Suzette Onill*

*Brilliant dancer in  
"Troublez Moi," the  
new comedy by Rip,  
now playing at the  
Bouffes Parisiens.*

## *Helen Henderson*

*(Below) Miss Hender-  
son is one of the bright  
lights of the Ziegfeld  
"Follies" of 1925 at  
the New Amsterdam  
Theatre.*



## REFORMATION

THE scene was a Paris café, and as a man and woman rose from the table at which they had been dining, they turned and bowed to two men who were sitting not far off.

The latter gazed after them for a second, then one of them turned and said to the other: "How long have they been married?" "Oh, three years or so," came the reply. "And do you think she has made him a good wife?" went on the first. "Can't say," answered the other. "But I do know she's made him a very good husband."

\* \* \*

"Are you doing much gardening, Mademoiselle Denise?"

"Non: You see, I have not yet got the proper stockings for such work."

"Got what?"

"The proper stockings—the rubber garden hose advertised in the papers."



## HORRORS

With graceful feet a maiden sweet  
Was tripping the light fantastic,  
When she suddenly tore for the  
dressing room door—  
You never can trust elastic.

## AN ODE A LA MODE

Sing a song of fashion,  
That overpowering passion,  
The Master of our prettiest and best;  
With his tailor's goose and measure,  
At his arbitrary pleasure  
He decides the female figure, and lets  
Nature do the rest.

Sing a song—but more so—  
Of a disappearing torso,  
A slinky, dinky cylinder affair;  
Undisturbed by any question  
Of the smallest curve-suggestion  
That enables us to recognize a lady  
when she's there.

Sing a song that mingles,  
With regret for ruthless shingles,  
Satisfaction in the comfort we may  
feel  
That our former hopeless guesses  
At the nature of her tresses  
Are disposed of when we see that  
what she hasn't got is real.

Sing a song of angles,  
Of crude, barbaric bangles,  
Of spectacles with fearsome horny  
rims;  
Then strike a warmer attitude,  
And sing a song of gratitude  
For generous exposure of attractive  
nether limbs.

O, sing a song of highbrows  
With non-existent eyebrows,  
Of lips that from the brush their  
glow derive;  
But sing a song transcendent  
Of that wondrous, independent,  
All resplendent piece of workman-  
ship—*Miss 1925*.

\* \* \*

The Parisian sheik had called to take his sheba out riding and it was rather cool and he noticed that she had no wrap on as she came out of the house. "Hadh't you better get something to go around you, it's a little cool riding." "Oh! aren't you going?" she asked blandly.

## NEWTOWN NOTES

## I

A city chap here in our midst  
Told Myrtle Mae Masters, "Thou didst  
Beguile me with smiles  
And coy rural wiles  
And when I wouldst kiss thee, thou  
hidst."

## II

Zeb Smith has returned from the shore  
He says he will go there some more,  
For though married, by Heck;  
Right up to the neck,  
He had never seen women before.

\* \* \*

## ERROR

Horace: "See here, old man, where's  
that good looking stenographer you had  
last week?"

Andre: "She caught me kissing my  
wife and left without notice."

\* \* \*

With crossword puzzle designs ap-  
pearing on stockings no man will be  
too busy to try to solve them!

\* \* \*

Because girls are bad in arithmetic at  
school when young isn't any sign they  
won't be able to shown good figures  
when they grow up!

\* \* \*

## IN MODERN PARLANCE

Vice is a matter of such frightful  
mien

We all rise up to bat her on the bean;  
But ere our vengeful snickerness can fall  
We see she's not so homely after all!

\* \* \*

The first surgical operation was the  
removal of a rib. The rib is doing very  
well, thank you, but the patient has  
been a little dippy ever since.

\* \* \*

WHEN SUFFRAGE COMES TO  
PARIS

"Where are you going my pretty  
maid?"

"I'm going a voting, sir," she said;  
"My ballot shall be for Maurice Rapp,  
"He's dumb but has a handsome map!"



## GIVE AND TAKE

"What do you mean by kissing  
me?"

"I just couldn't help myself."

"But you just did!"

Two health enthusiasts were discuss-  
ing methods, when suddenly one of  
them said: "You still take your morn-  
ing bath, I suppose?"

"Never miss it, my boy!" cried the  
other enthusiastically. "Sometimes I  
take it hot; sometimes cold; and when  
I'm in a rush I take it for granted."

\* \* \*

## A HARD JOKE

"What did your wife say when you  
got home at three last night?"

"Nothing."

"That's very unusual isn't it?"

"Yes. But I put cement in her beauty  
clay before I left!"

\* \* \*

"Father, why didn't you say you had  
painted the seat on the veranda. Arnaud  
and I sat on it last night and his clothes  
are covered with paint!"

"Only his?"

## AD INFINITUM

Patient (calling on family doctor): "Doctor, my son has scarlet fever, and the worst part about it is that he admits he got it from kissing the house maid."

Doctor (soothingly): "Young people will do thoughtless things."

Patient: "But don't you see, doctor, to be plain with you, I've kissed that girl myself."

Doctor: "By Jove, that's too bad."

Patient: "And to make matters worse, as I kissed my wife every morning and night, I'm afraid she too—"

Doctor (wildly): "Good heavens, I too will have it!"

\* \* \*

Mother (telling fairy stories): "Once upon a time—"

Little Boy: "Mama, do fairy tales always begin like that?"

Mother: "No, darling; sometimes they begin, 'Awfully sorry, my dear, to have been detained at the office again tonight.'"

## LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT?

Bobby (whispering in mother's ear at breakfast table) "Mother what's the matter with grandma's mouth this morning. It looks out of place?"

Mother: "S-s-sh, hush, she put her lipstick on before she put in her false teeth!"

\* \* \*

Adolphe: "Am I the only man who has ever kissed you!"

Clotilde: "Why will every man ask a girl that question? Of course you are."

\* \* \*

## HEARD IN THE BACK PARLOR

It was 12 G. M. and the lights suddenly went out.

Five minutes later they flashed on suddenly.

A masculine voice said, "If one only knew everything that took place while those lights went out?"

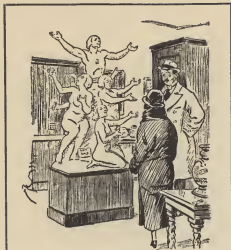
A feminine voice filled with scorn answered, "Well, there'd be nothing to tell about you!"



Little Girl: "The programme says the next turn is a mimic artiste, Mother. What does that mean?"

Mother: "It means an actress who takes off other actresses, dear."

Little Girl: "Oh! (after a pause). She couldn't take much off this one, could she, Mother?"



### UTILITY

"But I really think, George, we should concentrate on buying useful things first."

"Certainly, my dear! But you know we haven't got a hat-stand."

Girl friend: "Your son asked me rather a 'knotty question, last night.'"

Boy friend's mother: "My dear, you surprise me! I never thought he had a naughty idea in his head!"

\* \* \*

DO YOU WANT TO BE LAID LOW BY INFLUENZA? THEN SEND AT ONCE FOR A FREE SAMPLE.—*Advt. in a French Provincial Paper.*

\* \* \*

### THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

I know a young lady in Boulder;  
"I'm twenty," she breathed on my shoulder.

But so far as I know,  
Thow 'twas long years agow,  
She isn't a single day oulder.

\* \* \*

"It's funny how one's thoughts keep pace with the weather, isn't it?"

"Yes. It's certainly a raw night outside!"

\* \* \*

Disillusioned Dorothee says, when you get what you want, it isn't worth it.

### HER LEGACY

Madeleine: "I want a sweetie who will look me in the eye while talking to me."

Madelon: "Then you'll have to wear 'em longer, dearie!"

\* \* \*

Bertrand: "So, Alphonse made a grave mistake?"

Barnabe: "Yes, her husband shot him!"

\* \* \*

### LOOK OUT!

She: "What can we do now?"

He: "Oh, anything you want to."

She: "Oh, but mother might see us!"

\* \* \*

Imagine an Englishman working on a crossword puzzle and stopping every now and then to exclaim, "My word!"

\* \* \*

### ROCKY

Lizette: "How old is Helen?"

"I don't know exactly, but somewhere in the precious stone age."



Artist: "My wife posed for the figure on the right."

Friend: "Oh—have you a model wife?"

## GODIVA UP TO DATE

Fair Godiva got it bobbed

Which made the censors frown;  
But she was brave and so she took  
The short cut through the town.

\* \* \*

Caller: "And what's your ambition in life, little Ignace?"

Little Ignace: (a bookworm): "To have many people tremble like leaves at the mere mention of my name!"

\* \* \*

"What are you doing here?" asked the poet of the broker's man.

"I come, Monsieur," said he, "to set you on your feet."

And he proceeded to carry out all the chairs.

\* \* \*

## THE HAMMER

"Opportunity knocks but once and if you don't seize her——"

"Hold on! Anything that knocks only once can't be feminine gender."

\* \* \*

At Victoria Station a clumsy porter dropped a portmanteau on the foot of a Frenchman.

"Name of a dog!" exclaimed the injured one vehemently.

"Ow many letters?" asked the porter.



## THE VILLAGE BARBER

He's lazy over a hair-cut,  
And ungodly slow at a shave;  
But when it comes to a flapper's bob,  
He surely is Johnny-on-the-job,  
And doesn't know how to behave.

## OBJECTION

By LEO MARKUN

If I were but her looking-glass,  
How happy I should be;  
How sweetly would the minutes pass  
With such a sight to see!

If I were but the coral chain  
That hangs about her breast,  
The touching her were joy enough  
To put my grief to rest.

If I were but the underwear  
That clings tight to her skin,  
I should have left on all the earth  
No pleasures more to win.

If I were but her husband, I  
Should go through all these thrills;  
But also I should have to pay  
A whopping lot of bills.



## AN IMPOSSIBLE PROPOSITION

A FAMOUS French musical critic tells an amusing story of a certain conductor who made his orchestra repeat a passage over and over again, saying each time: "Play just a little more softly."

At last the first horn got bored with this and whispered to his colleagues.

The next time they were asked to play the passage they put their instruments to their lips but did not play at all.

"Splendid," said the conductor. "Just a bit softer and you'll have it!"

\* \* \*

Berthe: "Cecile is becoming frightfully immodest."

Frederic: "In what way?"

Berthe: "Sometimes she appears in public without cosmetics."



*"Extraordinary the way young Adolphe has 'rushed' the Renaud girl!"*

*"Why?—she's not bad!"*

*"That's why it's extraordinary."*

### PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY?

First Singer: "Does he have a strong voice?"

Second Singer: "You, bet; it's husky."

\* \* \*

"Girl married in aeroplane three thousand feet up!" says a newspaper headline. The young lady in question was probably of the opinion that no man on earth was good enough for her.

\* \* \*

### SAY IT WITH GIFTS

He had a past—

She scorned him.

He had a future—

She cut him.

He had a present—

She let him.

\* \* \*

### KERCHOO!

Alas, tis true

We oft eschew

The things we know we ought to do;

But why, m'sieu,

This ballyhoo?

Most things we do we later rue!

### SELF CONSCIOUSNESS

Mademoiselle Lyppe Styx: "Has he ever kissed you?"

Mademoiselle Fewclothes: "N-N-NO."

Mademoiselle Lyppe Styx: "HE DID ME TOO!"

\* \* \*

"Do you believe there is some occult force, that always brings back a wrongdoer to the scene of the crime?"

"Well, I stole a kiss off a girl last night; and I'm going to sneak up there again this evening to see what's doing."

\* \* \*

### A SHOCKING EXPOSURE!

Andre: "What caused the panic at the cinema last night. A fire?"

Augustin: "No. All the lights were turned on suddenly!"

\* \* \*

Dorothee: "So you accepted that young postal clerk?"

Emme: "How could I help it! He addressed me rapidly, then enveloped me in his arms, stamped a kiss on my lips, and sealed it with a hug!"

# Has New Hair

Kotalko Did It



"I had been losing my hair gradually for a long time. At last I had become almost completely bald, with hardly a hair in my head.

"The small photograph is taken from a foot ball group and can be verified by any number of people who know just how I looked when bald. The larger photo shows my appearance after using only three boxes of Kotalko."

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**MIDGET CARD SHOP**

"I wish Edmond would make his figures plainer. I can't tell from this letter whether it is one thousand or ten thousand kisses he sends me."

## REFRAIN

She could swing a six-pound dumbbell,  
She could fence and she could box;  
She could row upon the river,  
She could climb among the rocks;  
She could golf from morn till evening,  
And dance fox-trots all night long;  
But she couldn't help her mother,  
For she wasn't very strong.  
Oh, she couldn't help her mother,  
For she wasn't very strong.

\* \* \*

Gregoire: "Yes; I hear he's a broken man since he married her."

Edouard: "I'm not surprised; I thought he was cracked when he got engaged."

\* \* \*

"Do you love me, darling?"

"Of course I do, Pierre."

"Pierre? My name's Gaston!"

"Why, so it is! I keep thinking to-day is Monday."

\* \* \*

## DANGER

In a fit of anger

His hand went to his gun,

And he sent a bullet

Plowing through his hon.

She wouldn't prosecute him;

They wed despite alarms,

And now he *knows* it's dangerous

To fool with firearms.

\* \* \*

A Frenchman visiting this country has returned to Paris with shattered nerves. On the campus of one of our big universities caught sight of an absent-minded undergraduate striding along with both legs in one trouser and the other flapping in the breeze.

\* \* \*

Jeanne's a pretty little puss,

And, by gar, doesn't she know it.

She works in a Royale undie shop,

And, by gar, doesn't she go it.

Her job's to show folks lingerie

And, by gar, *doesn't* she show it.

\* \* \*

She: "You say that the modern girl has a very resolute character."

He: "Well—er—not exactly. I said she—er—shows—plenty of backbone."



# four Proposals In One Month Read Ruth's Letter

"I had always been considered a nice looking girl, but somehow or other, my men friends were never more than callers. They would take me out a few times and that would be the end of it. I realized something was wrong, but could not for the life of me tell what. Then one day I read 'The Psychology of Sex Fascination' and saw at once what that something was. What a change it has made in me. Now every man I meet becomes fascinated with me and this month I have had four proposals. I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you."



**L. Strayer Brady, A. B., M. A., Clinical and Consulting Psychologist;** author of "Know Your Own Child" column published in the New York Evening World; Director Psychological Bureau; Member Honorary advisory Board, Grandin Institute. His experiments in Psychological Laboratories have received wide attention.

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Why men fall for women.  
Why beauty is not everything.  
Why a college education is not necessary.  
The beauty can be irresistible.  
So can the homely girl.  
The "in-between" has the best chance.  
What men admire in women.

## The Psychology of Sex Fascination

Every woman, no matter if she is eighteen or fifty, can win the man she wants. It remained for science to unravel the mysteries of man. I promise that after you have taken my advice you can win the most stubborn bachelor. There is no longer any reason for any girl or woman to remain single. Love and marriage is the birthright of every woman. Don't be an old maid. Let me show you the way.

If you are rich or poor, beautiful or ugly, you can be sure of winning a husband if you have this work, based upon the results of investigations and experiments in three well-known Universities. Nothing is left to chance—nothing is vague or incomplete. Everything is written plainly, carefully explained and in detail. Miss H. E. M., of New York, writes, "I had often wondered how so many homely girls got husbands. Now I know. Shortly after reading 'The Psychology of Sex Fascination,' I find myself the happiest woman in the world, married to a good man."

Is it not worth a little of your time to read this great work? Could your father or brother become a lawyer or doctor or engineer without a certain amount of study? Stop wishing. It's nobody's fault but your own if you fail. Every day you wait is a day wasted.

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#### L. STRAYER BRADY (Author)

Suite 1065, 311 Fifth Ave., New York City  
Please send me (in plain wrapper) on approval "The Psychology of Sex Fascination." I will deposit with postman \$1.98 plus postage. It is understood, however, that this is not to be considered a purchase. I reserve the right to return within five days and you agree to refund my money. If I keep it there is nothing further to pay.

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Address.....

City.....State.....

Important—If it is possible that you may not be at home when the postman calls, send cash in advance. Also if you reside outside the U. S. A. payment must be made in advance.

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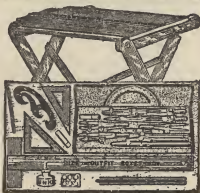
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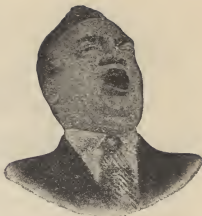
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Address.....

Age.....

**\$1.00 BRINGS THIS RING**  
**NO REFERENCES NEEDED**  
**NO RED TAPE**  
**WE TRUST YOU**

**Immediate  
Shipment**

Send only \$1 and we will ship you ring and Free Pearls by return mail. Pay balance weekly—only \$1 per week for this platinum finish, finest hand pierced Deelite ring with 2 small Deelite chips on each side. The Deelite gem mounted in this beautiful setting is a guaranteed full one carat perfect cut stone of blue white radiance and brilliancy. For a flawless diamond of this cut, color and size, you would pay elsewhere upward of \$150. Our special price only \$12, either man's or lady's ring and 11 weeks to pay it.

**FREE PEARLS**

To introduce ourselves to new customers, we will send a full twenty-four inch strand of beautiful opalescent and indestructible Deelite Pearls with platinum finish safety clasp set with Deelite Chip absolutely Free with every order we receive. We must reserve the right to withdraw this offer as soon as present stock is exhausted, so rush order at once. If you prefer knife and chain instead of pearls, mark coupon.

**Our Absolute  
Guarantee Pro-  
tects You**

You take no risk whatsoever when sending your order, as you are protected by our iron bound money-back guarantee which states that you must be satisfied or every penny we receive will be refunded if you return merchandise three days after receipt. You are fully protected and we trust you.

**HOW TO ORDER** Merely fill out the coupon and pin a dollar bill or money order to it. State whether man's or lady's ring is desired or both. If two rings are desired, send only \$2 and measure size by strip of paper or string around ring finger.

**B. F. DEELITE COMPANY, 530 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**

Please send me your special Deelite ring for lady ☐ gentleman ☐ size enclosed. I enclose \$1 as first payment and if ring proves satisfactory upon receipt I promise to pay balance \$1 per week until \$12 in all have been paid. It is understood that I am to receive with my ring absolutely free a strand of Deelite Pearls as pictured ☐ or gold-filled knife and chain ☐.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

**PEARLS FREE—SEND COUPON NOW**



This smoking set is solid brass, 5 pieces. Consists of 9-inch tray; 3-inch holder—cigars; 2-inch holder—cigarettes; ashtray with cigar rest attached; 4-inch matchbox holder. A high grade set that would retail in most stores for \$2.56, and in some stores for a good deal more. No names appear on the set, for advertising or other purposes.

## FREE—This Beautiful 5 pc. Smoking Set

To quickly introduce The Ponciana, a new, High-Grade imported cigar, we are distributing 25,000 of these smoking sets free. One set with an initial order of 25 cigars.

The PONCIANA is a master product.

From early returns we have reason to feel assured that in a short time The PONCIANA will be America's most popular smoke.

All that is necessary is that The Ponciana find itself quickly in the hands of representative smokers. Their word of mouth advertising will be more powerful than any advertising we could do. To obtain 25,000 representative smokers in the shortest possible time, is the only reason why we are making this unusual offer, at an actual loss to ourselves.

$\frac{3}{4}$   
Actual  
Size

THE PONCIANA comes in only one size and shape, Corona. It is hand-made in Porto Rico of long filler Porto Rican Tobacco. Packed in Cedar lined, tin, air-tight, humidors, 25 cigars to a humidor.

C. S. LEONARD & BROS.,  
Dept. 14,  
503 5th Ave. New York

TRY THE PONCIANA AT OUR  
EXPENSE—Send No Money

Simply send the coupon or letter, and when the postman delivers the smoking set and cigars, give him \$2.50, and a few pennies postage. Smoke as many as you like and if they do not make an instantaneous hit with you, we will refund your money in full.

*In filling orders, the date of POST-MARK will be considered*

C. S. LEONARD & BROS., Dept. 14  
503 Fifth Ave., New York City.

In accordance with your Special Offer you may send me 25 Ponciana cigars in a humidor, and the smoking set. I will pay the postman the price of the cigars only, \$2.50, plus a few pennies postage. If I'm not delighted with the cigars, I will return as many as I have left, and you are to return my money in full.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

(If you desire to save postage, send check with order. Same money-back guaranty.)